Revelation

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Summary: A five year old Hiccup watches a dragon hatch after his father killed it's mother.

     Revelation

Hiccup was five years old. Even though he was so young, he was a prodigy. He was extremely intelligent compared to all of the other young viking brutes in his village.

Hiccup walked next to Stoick, repeatedly stumbling on his own two feet while trying to keep up with the chief. Hiccup smiled to himself, glad that he was finally able to spend time alone with his father. The two vikings traveled along a narrow path in between the thousands of trees around them.

"Hiccup, remember, we're keeping an eye out for _dragons_," Stoick said with a thick Scottish accent, looking slightly weary at the child strolling beside him. "You can't run off looking for trolls again. Do you remember why?"

Hiccup nodded, almost tripping over a tree root. "Because trolls don't exist?"

"Exactly." Stoick replied, crossing his arms.

Hiccup gazed up at his father, confused. "But Gobber said that a troll stole his socks."

Stoick rolled his eyes. "I know."

Hiccup continued. "I was trying to look for them."

"I _know_, Hiccup," Stoick sighed.

Hiccup smiled again. He was going to try to talk with his father as

long as he could. Hiccup never really got to see Stoick very often. "You know what Snotlout said today?"

Stoick shook his head. "No. What did he say?"

"He said that he is going to kill a Night Fury when he grows up," Hiccup explained, jumping over a pothole on the path. "He said he's going to be famous if he does that, and that everyone will love him."

"Hiccup, don't get any ideas," Stoick said, his voice lowering slightly. "If you see a Night Fury, run away. Don't try to fight it."

Stoick stopped suddenly, causing Hiccup to bump into his leg. The chief looked around rapidly. Hiccup grew nervous. "What's wrong, dad?"

"Shh..." Stoick whispered harshly, putting a finger to his lips. Hiccup nodded silently. Stoick started to slowly walk off of the path, then he noticed that Hiccup was following him. Stoick gently pushed Hiccup back onto the path. "No, stay here. _Don't make a sound_."

Hiccup nodded again as he watched his father head into the forest. He stood staring in the direction Stoick left before he couldn't see him anymore. Hiccup paused for a minute before rushing after him.

Hiccup looked back and forth, trying to locate his father. He was tempted to call out for him, but he quickly remembered that Stoick told him not to make a sound. Hiccup was about to give up and go back to the path when he heard yelling. Hiccup looked towards the voice, eyes widened. There was another yell, the sound of an axe percing metal, and a wavering growl.

Hiccup heard a loud thump and felt the ground shake. He stood still there for a moment, stunned.

"Dad?" Hiccup said. Fearing the worst, he ran towards the source of the noises. "Dad!"

"Over here, son!" Stoick called. Hiccup followed the sound of his father's voice until he entered a clearing. He saw his father standing on top of something, and when Hiccup realized what it was, he gawked.

Stoick hopped off of the limp dragon, swinging his broken axe above his head before throwing it aside. Stoick walked towards his shocked son and placed a hand on his shoulder. "This is why I didn't want you running off. There are dragons everywhere."

Hiccup opened and closed his mouth a few times, unsure of how to respond.

Stoick gestured towards the dragon sprawled on the ground. "Do you see what's behind it?"

Hiccup looked past the corpse and saw a bunch of logs stacked in a pile. "A nest?"

"Yes," Stoick replied, patting his son on the back. "It laid it's eggs in there. It's a good thing we got here when we did. Those eggs looked like they were going to hatch soon."

"Hatch?" Hiccup repeated. "It was going to have babies?"

Stoick nodded again before lightly pushing Hiccup away from the dragon. Stoick started walking back towards the path. "We should go back to the village now."

Hiccup swallowed, slightly disappointed. He wanted to spend more time with his father. Hiccup strolled quietly behind Stoick, looking down at his boots.

Suddenly, Hiccup heard something crack behind him. He turned back around to face the deceased dragon, nervous that it might still be alive. It didn't move, much to Hiccup's relief. He heard a crack again, followed by another one. Hiccup looked past the corpse and eyed the dragon's nest wearily.

There was another crack. Hiccup took a cautious step towards the nest, glancing behind him to see if his father was still there. Stoick didn't notice Hiccup wasn't next to him, so he continued walking. Hiccup climbed up the nest and looked inside. He blinked.

Some of the sticks in the nest were moving. Curiosity getting the best of him, Hiccup pushed the sticks away and stared at what he found. There was a dragon egg in the middle of the nest. Stoick must have missed it when he smashed the rest of the eggs. Hiccup heard a crack, and a piece of the eggshell fell off. Hiccup's eyes went wide. The egg was hatching.

Hiccup felt like he had to call back to his father and tell him that a dragon was right behind him, but Hiccup couldn't pry his eyes away from the sight in front of him. There was a dragon being born.

Suddenly, the top of the egg shell snapped off and a head peaked out. The dragon's eyes were closed and it sniffed at the air. Hiccup let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. He couldn't help but smile as the dragon crawled it's way out of the egg. The dragon sniffed at it's surroundings before it whined at seemingly nothing.

Hiccup giggled at the sight, but the dragon didn't seem to hear him. It whined again, then again, sounding more frantic. Hiccup tilted his head to the side and frowned. He didn't know why the dragon suddenly went from content to upset.

The baby dragon slowly waddled out of the next, sniffing around again. It paused, tilting it's head slightly before crawling towards the big dragon on the ground. The baby dragon pawed at the big dragon, trying to wake it up.

The little dragon waited for a response. When it didn't hear anything, it whined louder. The baby dragon waited for almost a minute before is started whimpering softly. Hiccup watched as the little dragon curled up into a ball and cried.

Hiccup was too young to understand what was happening in front of him. His father had killed a mother dragon, and the baby was left all alone.

Stoick turned around to see that Hiccup wasn't following him. He looked around frantically before he saw his son standing next to the dead dragon. "Hiccup!"

Hiccup looked over to his father, eyes wide. He didn't know what to do. He wondered if he should tell Stoick that one of the dragons was still alive, or if he should just leave. After a moment Hiccup glanced at the baby dragon. "I'm sorry."

Hiccup ran towards Stoick, returning to a slower pace when he caught up. Hiccup tugged on Stoick's sleeve, trying to get his attention. Stoick looked down with an eyebrow raised. "What is it, Hiccup?"

Hiccup paused, trying to think of a way to word what he was trying to say. It was almost a minute before he spoke.

"Daddy, promise not to leave me."

* * *

><p>Hiccup shot up in his bed. He took a few deep breaths as he glanced at his surroundings. After confirming that he was in his room, safe and sound, he looked over at the dragon laying next to his bed.<p>

Toothless was still sleeping, lightly snoring as he dreamt. Hiccup reached over and scratched Toothless behind his ear. Toothless purred and shifted in his sleep.

Hiccup leaned back into his bed, thinking about what would have happened if he had told his father about the baby dragon. He was glad he didn't.

Hiccup had seen the baby dragon around the village, healthy and happy as can be, though it wasn't really a baby anymore.

End
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